forum reports out

The Student Forum Working Group released its report and recommendations this Tuesday after nearly three months of intensive investigation. The 43-volume report, entitled "Report and Recommendations of the Student Forum" used inter-office memoes from the Office of the Dean of the College in the interests of paper conservation.

"I'd like to agree with Dean O'Brien on that," said Working Group co-Vice Chairperson Dan Somers '74.

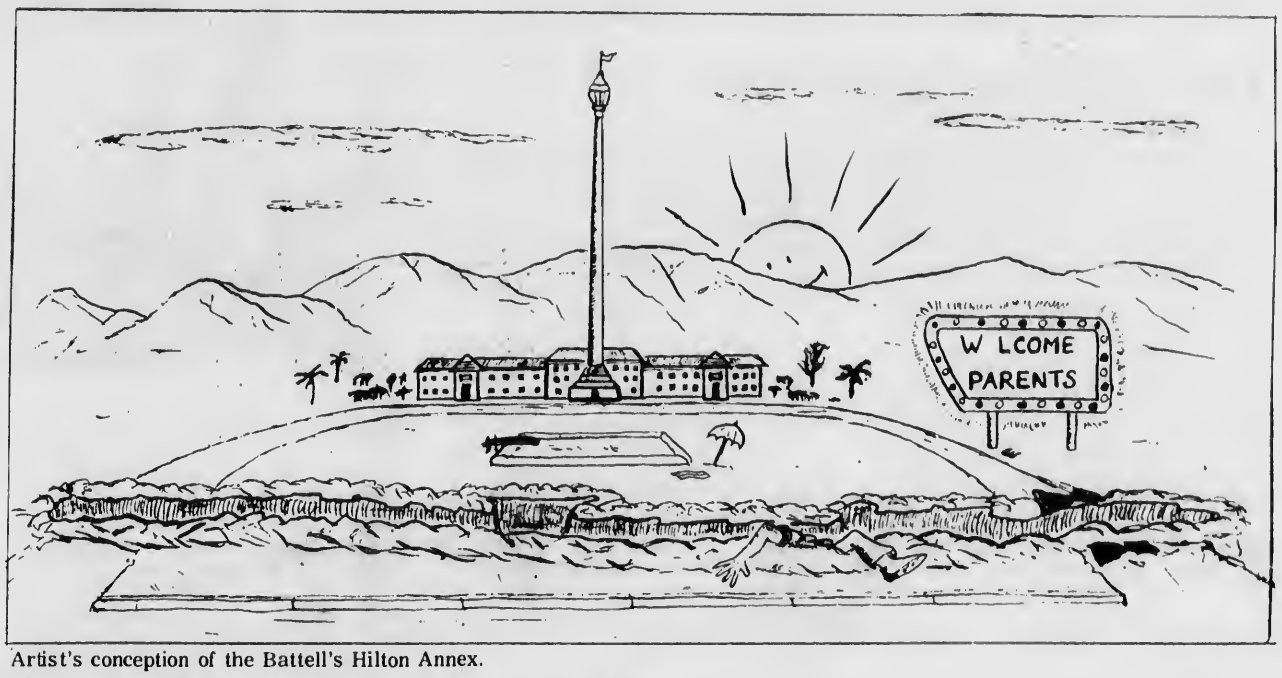
The Faculty Council agreed in a tight vote last Friday to help explain the report, which deals primarily with changing College positions in a world of flux.

Co-Vice Chairperson Rick Eldridge '75 explained,

"As Dennis O'Brien might have said were he here, we wished to help the College avoid the increasing rigors of self-definition in a world beset with pecuniary embarrassments. Dennis once told me, 'one hand doesn't necessarily have to wash the other,' and that's as true now as it ever was."

"I'd like to agree with the Dean on that," commented Working Group co-Vice Chairperson Dave O'Connor '74.

Fierce debate is expected concerning the report's one recommendation, entitled "Recommendation A: the Neo-Byzantine Curriculum," which would shift Winter Term to four o'clock p.m. and require all faculty to wear derbies when teaching freshmen. Dean O'Brien was unavailable for comment. The Working Group wholeheartedly agreed with his position.



Artist's conception of the Battell's Hilton Annex.

spit and polish for visiting parents

By DASH OUTRAGE

The Middlebury Grounds Staff is busily preparing the College's physical plant for the impending influx of senior parents next month. The work is being funded by senior Commencement Fees (of confidential amount) and by the token meal charges for parents. The $4.00-a-plate Saturday luncheon is expected to be the biggest social function the town has seen since the testimonial dinner for Governor Salmon's campaign for State Fish.

Highlighting the face-saving project is the construction of the "Battell Hilton", a mammoth 24-story facade to be annexed to the Battell freshman dorm, formerly the "Our Lady of the Axial Symmetry Church." Blanket and sheet vending machines will be installed by Foleys of Rutland, a local caterer.

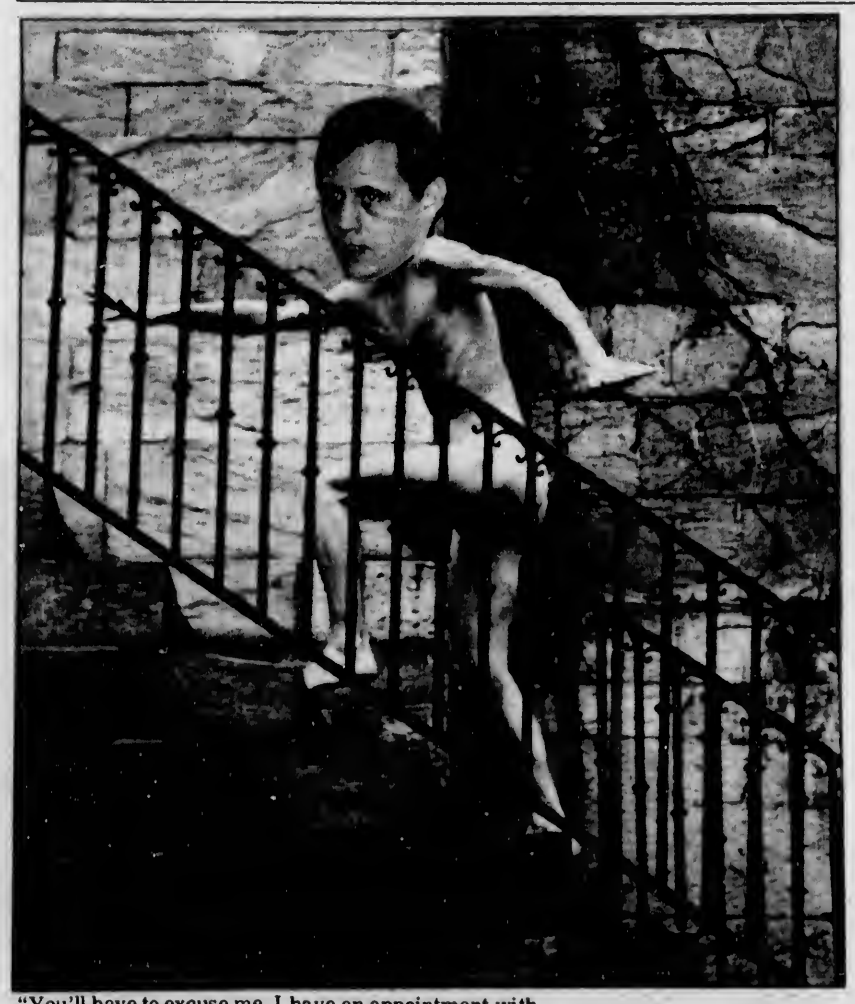
Erection of the facade will accompany the towing of the Science Center to the Wastelend between the Kelly-Lang complex and the SDU gastronarium, to create scenic vistas where parents may participate in the sunset- watching competition. Entry blanks are required and applications are available at the Dean's Office. College engineers report that the science building will be returned "on the first good mud."

But the construction of the Battell Hilton is causing the biggest campus stir since the College declared a bounty on cluster flies last month. The 24-story facade will be capped by a revolving glass-walled restaurant affording a sumptuous view of rococo lawn excavations; simulated construction workers and mock Seabee maneuvers will add to the festive atmo. Parents may also attend student-faculty socials in the proposed subterranean wax museum, where they may meet and touch prominent figures of the college community. Tickets are available at the

continued on p. 3

the MIDDLEBURY COMPOST

APRIL 1974


"You'll have to excuse me, I have an appointment with the Dean of Students."

campus to change format

Charles "Malt-O-Meal" Lennon, **Campus** Editor and known to all as a paragon of journalistic toughness, announced last Sunday from an imposing position atop his desk that the **Campus** will take on a new look next year.

"It wouldn't quite be fair to term it a 'comic book,' " Lennon said with characteristic forthrightness, "but I was getting tired of proofreading drab faculty meeting articles." New features which Lennon plans to buy from syndicates include "Common Sense and the Real-Estate Developer" by former newscaster Chet Huntley, "Thoughts on Morality" by Xaviera Hollander, and a serialization of Allen Ludden's new book, "Laughs and Fine Times in Twelve Years of Password" (with a Foreward by Wally Bruner).

When confronted with the possibility that the changed format may lack something of the controversy that has made the **Campus** the most widely read small-college weekly newspaper in the whole of the central-western Vermont region, Lennon replied, "Tough doody."

The proposed changes will necessitate a parallel reorganization of the paper's staff. Nat Forbes, recently of "Grumbling and Stumbling" fame will move from his position as News Editor of the journal (Forbes heatedly denies that he repeats the words "I am the big, bad, and powerful News Editor and what has Norman Mailer got that I haven't?" each night before retiring) to a new position as author of a new weekly column tentatively entitled "Your Pet and his Nutritional Needs." It is rumored Forbes was unhappy with the proposed change, allegedly charging Lennon with being "as red as Helen Gahagan Douglas and a rancid zucchini besides." When contacted later, Forbes would only say that he was "behind Chuck 1000%."

Forbes was not the only case of reported malcontent. Features Editor Greg Dennis is said to be unhappy over his new role as Culinary Editor, contending he lacked the experience to distinguish between "a spinach souffle and Chuck's alleged head." Dennis will probably resign from the paper's staff and devote more time to his activities on behalf of the late organization, REAP (Rowdies Espousing Antiquated Propaganda, or, as it has come to be affectionately referred to by a vast majority of the student body, Really Enraged by Acne and Psoriasis — obviously a group with an odd political complexion). Dennis leaves the **Campus** with a little remorse, his only expressed regret being "that I didn't have my camera with me that time I came into the office and Chuck was doing those weird tricks with his vibrating Highlighter."

continued on p. 8

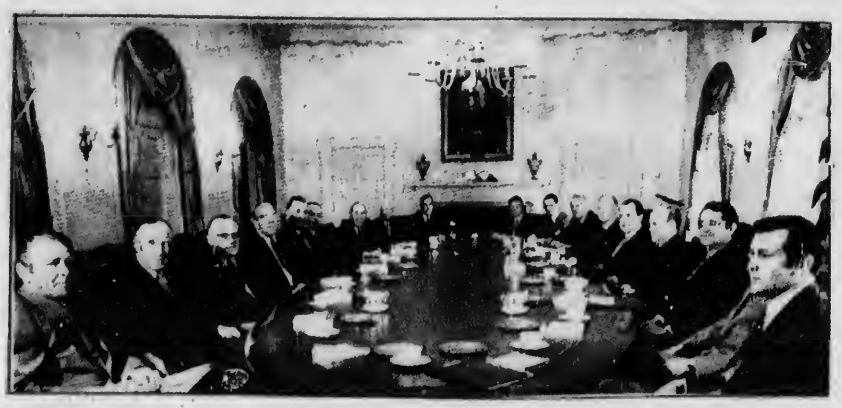
Faculty discusses College ties to big business

Azimuthal assymetry and bespectacled hooligans — a grunting gumshoe signalled our cab and bid us make chase. Manhattan's skyline flowered and glowed as we glowered, we the unsung, unborn, unsanitary janitors of the car pool rat race. To sing again! To barf and laugh and wing joyfully, releasing electrons to the rear and fro.

A reeling slime of gangrenous bryophytes sloughed from a cantankerous blain left a bleeding trail of small talk businessmen spewing sperm and insanities ashuddled onlookers moaned and danced. Dean O'Brien smiled sincerely.

Once more a muddled lady of the repression danced naked on an impoverished horse, whipped to a foaming fury by no jazz bands, no newsstands, no glued hands, only a gloomy band of saturnine gypsies whose unfettered allegiance sputtered arrows and desperation at whole nations of barbaric but innocent pasties whose latent lust outstripped the fancies of Jack Daniels, not to mention Heathcliff Furlong.

Bob Gleason's report from the Judiciary Council was not interesting so the gym professors walked out. Whose parallelism sneaked in in a frenzied fever of ragtime fishfly nightlife jukebox honeymooned blues while hoptoads and shitpile monsters drooling fangs and craving of white flesh breasts and sweetmeat clammered for more representation on the College Councils?



copyright NEWSWEEK

Hemorrhoids discount a prediction of three baseball cards per prescription. You're giving birth she said and we jumped down from our framed hut chapel and exclaimed huzzah! You bitch, whelp away while Judas crowns him king of the fleet. He aged rapidly and died kidless in Xenia. The meeting adjourned when George Todd led the crowd in a moving rendition of "The Joan Peters welt-schmerz chronicle for burning banks and chrysaline robots." Ed Muskie and the Cube wept bitterly.

how to be tall

Senior Releases Results of Winter Term Study

Middlebury College Senior Guts "Stretch" Mahoney has published the findings of a Winter Term study of Middlebury's criminally tall.

Those students over six feet tall were studied intensively and found to be "not so tall as they would at first appear." The report concludes that the tall, for the most part, depend upon gimmicks, optical illusions, and campus gullibility to increase their apparent height. How is it done? Stretch reveals a few of their startling secrets in "HOW TO BE TALL." Here's how it works:

1. Initial stance: stand erect, arms flush, eyes akimbo.
2. Raise shoulders menacingly; insert coat hangers in jacket to maintain posture, broaden shoulders.
3. Tilt head forward at a 20 degree angle, sideways at 30 degrees (as if constantly ducking under low doorways). A broad brimmed steel hat may help.
4. Wear size 16 Adidas or other fruit-colored shoes--mix and match with shrunken jeans tapered to the ankle. Step on homos.
5. Maintaining head position, proceed forward slowly with shuffling gait. Do not lift feet or head, but maintain steady gaze at pavement. Pretend to be dizzy. It'll take a little time to learn to drag yourself downhill; if you're a novice, try lead weights which you can obtain from "Veins" Chudmore in the Service Building Basement.
6. Breathing should be slow, but deliberate as if extracting oxygen molecules from thin air. Chew some coca leaves for authenticity.

Congratulations! You have just learned to increase your apparent height by as much as six inches. If people don't start looking up to you right away, don some Junior High School duds and return to initial stance.

Mr. Mahoney's research was completed under a grant from the New England Home for the Tall of Barkrave, Rhode Island.

the middlebury compost
the middlebury compost

CHIEFTAIN
charles lennon

HIGH SHAMAN OF POOR TASTE
mark patinkin

MINISTER OF PROPOGANDA
ross eisenbrey

MINISTER OF CULTCHAH
greg dennis

CHIEF OF SECRET POLICE
nathaniel forbes

DIRECTOR OF FAITH
bruce mayberry

MESS SERGEANT
seth steinzor

DIRECTOR OF FINANCES
ellen heising

MINISTER OF TECHNOLOGY
tom plumb

ADDITIONAL YO-YO
nick bogert

LAST MAN
tom lynch

The **Middlebury Compost** is the spring lampoon issue of the **Middlebury Campus**. Its purpose is to allow the members of the college community to see humor in themselves and others. We caution against taking any of the material herein out of context, that is, all material included is plainly absurd and outrageous nonsense, with small elements of truth occasionally apparent. We do not foresee anyone taking the **Compost** seriously and being deeply offended. If such should unfortunately occur, we apologize.

judicial council fries pre—meds

The Judicial Council has announced the conviction of 17 pre-med students, 12 seniors, and 5 juniors, of crimes ranging from sabotage of their colleagues' 2,3,4, tri-methyl heptane syntheses and arson of the Registrar's files, to first degree murder in the deaths by asphyxiation and cannibalism of the top PBK's.

Their trial was marked by an imaginative and able defense by student lawyer Dick Hackett, but the facts were clearly against the defendants.

Apprehended in the act of spooning out their victim's brains, the 17 cited the Aztec belief in the transferral of character traits through the ingestion of the appropriate body parts, as well as McConnell's work on Planaria at U-M. Only a slap in the face by Mr. Hackett broke off their spokesman's robot-like monolog about chemical storage of information.

Hackett's plea of temporary insanity was overruled by presentation to the Court of the "Pre-Med Contract" which all the defendents had signed, and which read in part: "We hereby forfeit all pretension to sanity or humanity, and understand that we take all responsibility for unnatural acts or infirmities which befall us in the next four years."

Steven Rockefeller, in sentencing the 17 to three summers in the gas chromatography chamber and subjection to tapes of Edwin Pool's mind-blowing dronings (to run concurrently), explained his leniency as a result of a newly acquired understanding of the genetic basis of morality.

frosh poli poll

The Middlebury **Compost** has conducted an extensive poll of the political views of this year's freshman class. The poll verifies what had seemed painfully obvious to everyone. The questions and results are as follows.

Question #1: "Do you think President Nixon should be impeached?" Of the 412 respondents, 396 answered, "Under our system of government, everyone, even the President, is innocent until proven guilty—and no one has proven him guilty of anything."

Question #2: "Who would you like to see elected as the Next President of France?" Of 52 respondents, 17 answered "Georges Pompidou," 32 answered "Charles DeGaulle," and 3 answered "Marshall Petain."

Question #3: "Does the name 'Symbionese Liberation Army' mean anything to you?" Of 450 respondents, 400 replied, "No." 36 replied, "I think it's a Communist terrorist group in Southeast Asia," 11 replied, "Is that like Gay Liberation?" and 3 replied, "It's a skyjacking case out West somewhere."

Question #4: "What state is Attica in?" None of the 448 respondents recognized the name.

Question #5: "Does the name Joe McCarthy mean anything to you?" Of the 450 respondents, 336 replied "Nat Forbes," 100 replied "Erica Wonnacott," and 14 replied, "He ran for President as a Democrat in 1968 but lost at the convention in Miami."

Question #6: "What recent aspect of U.S. foreign or domestic policy most

continued on p. 8

Frosh political leaders demonstrate their involvement.

faculty news

Middlebury College recently made these announcements about various Faculty members:

The Crest Room Memorial Professorship has been awarded jointly to Horace Beck and William Harris, to be served in between ham and cheese omelettes. The Swivel Hip Chair of the Creative Arts has been awarded to Alan Stone. Finally, the Dennis O'Brien Chair of Rhetoric and Sophistry has been awarded to Pardon Tillinghast, who succeeds the Dean of the World Himself. O'Brien is the recent recipient of the R. Milhous Nixon Award for Sincerity.

Several faculty members will be on leave in the future.

Horace Beck will take a three year leave to study the folklore of Vergennes.

David Price will spend next year in Italy studying flashy sports cars.

Dean Dennis O'Brien will spend next summer on Paris Island learning how to take the fat out of Winter Term.

Char Koplinka will spend next year in Port Authority studying vulgar expressions and unnatural acts, in conjunction with her roomate, who was unable to attend.

Murray Dry will spend the summer studying the classroom scenes in **Paper Chase.**

Russell Leng will spend a semester researching his new book, **The Need for a Sense of Humor in Teaching Political Science.**

David Littlefield will study the English language.

Norman Pereira has decided to give up Marxism and will instead work as a collector in a loan shark firm.

David Stameshkin will drive a cab in Chicago to add to his anecdotal repertoire.

Glenn Andres will spend a year lifting weights.

Mrs. Lamberti will be working on a paper on method acting in Weimar Germany.

Grant Harnest will be on sabbatical in 1947, revising his lecture notes and learning basic NMR spectroscopy.

Bob Hill will sharpen his tongue and moral fervor next year with six months tutelage at Berkeley under S.I. Hayakawa and six months on the road with Billy Graham.

Sandy Martin will be asleep next year. Nobody will notice.

housing a freeze

"We keep them in a food locker in Proctor," says Fred Neuberger of the 97 surplus freshmen admitted this year owing to the administrative oversight. "They are very quiet and well-behaved."

Queried as to whether the surplus students would be able to participate in room draw this year, Neuberger replied, "That's a tough question. We're not sure that we'll have rooms for them to draw. The English Department has kindly offered us the use of two file cabinets and a pencil sharpener, however. There's also a time factor involved. At the thirty minutes a pound that Joy of Cooking says it'll take for them to thaw, I'm not sure they'll be able to make it on time."

We asked Neuberger why the 97 students had been admitted in the first place. "Them's the breaks," he replied with a boyish chuckle. "Actually, there seems to have been a mix-up in programming the computer involving a Food Service order for 97 pounds of dog biscuit."

Seven of the food locker residents were on the Dean's List this semester.

vra vanishes

No word has been heard from the Symbionese Liberation Army, suspected kidnappers of the Vermont Republican Assembly, on this the sixty-third day of the VRA's disappearance.

The last communication from the SLA, signed by "Field Marshal Douglas," threatened the return of the VRA within 72 hours unless every poverty-level Vermont family is provided immediately with $50 worth of crackerjacks. That was two days ago.

Highly placed sources in the FBI speculate that the VRA may have "converted" to the Sympbionese cause, thuscreating difficulties in their return. The sources discount rumors of the VRA's death, pointing to its unsuccessful 1972 suicide attempt as proof of its virtual indestructibility. "The SLA's stuck with 'em," said Inspector Douglas.

Representative Douglas, legally the VRA's next of kin, had no comment.

Spit polish...

continued from p.1

Dean's Office.

A swimming pool in the shape of a dollar bill is the innovative design of Landmarks of the Future Ltd., manufacturers of urban housing. The pool will serve as a reflecting basin where parents are encouraged to pitch pennies and make wishes. The Service Building cautions, however, that elevators to points of interest will be run down only between the hours of 4 and 8 p.m. (at the request of E.Q.) to reduce the strain on sensitive fuel rods at the Vernon nuclear plant.

The order for 5600 plastic azaleas will be filled by Middlebury Polymers. Though the Grounds staff "can't figure out what makes the darn things grow," they agree that the decorator colors add "class" to an otherwise tall building. Scuttlebut has it that REAP, in a protest move against wasteful college expenditures, will trim the plants to resemble marijuana and shock parents. Campus Security warns that it must confiscate any such plants.

Total cost of the Battell Hilton has remained undisclosed, but this reporter was assured that the monolithic veneer would make the New Field House "look like a set of tennis courts." Parking regulations will be in effect forever.

Latest proposed design for the new new Field House.

dq news

secret plan plots town's future

A heretofore top secret document was obtained by the Compost from an undisclosed source last week. The document was the town plan for the future development of Middlebury. This plan was drawn up last year and was not to be disclosed until the nation became preoccupied with the impeachment of Richard Milhouse Nixon.

The plan turned up in the Compost office around a pastrami on rye "to go" and was discovered by one of the Compost's crack investigative reporters when he wiped his mouth with paper. The town plan that was previously made public has now been declared "inoperative/" Town officials have been unavailable for comment. They apparently have left for a weekend vacation in Newark, N.J. The trip was paid for with an $876 prize that was won by the Town Clerk on radio station MBEZ's "Name the Element" contest.

This plan calls for the conversion of the old mill next to the Alibi into a nuclear power plant. This plant was termed experimental in the plan. After a telephone call to a power company official, who is also an economist, it was determined that "experimental" in this case meant that there would be no control rods to keep the nuclear reaction under control. Apparently they want this reactor to be one of a "control group" to demonstrate how much safer other nuclear power plants that have control rods are. In the interest of objectivity, Middlebury College applauded the move.

Informed sources also report that the other bars in Middlebury were jealous of the Alibi's appeal, and requested that the plant be located near the 'Bi.

Otter Creek will provide the water needed to cool the plant. Since this will keep the Creek's water warm all year, the plan includes a program to clean up Otter Creek so that there can be year round swimming. A diving board is planned for the bridge in the center of town and a beach will be constructed out of U.S. Government burn-bag ashes below the falls. Another beach for skinny dippers is planned for downstream, possibly below the picture window of the Town Manager's house.

During the day, the power from this nuclear generating plant will be used to run the new electric pencil sharpener in the Town Manager's office and Carroll Rikert's electric backscratcher. At night the power will be used (depending on the number of fleas that are in Middlebury at any given time) to pump water up a hill so that it can flow back down during the day, running through generators to power James Armstrong's new electric handshake.

When asked why this additional power was needed, the power company official explained that the number of handshakes for a college president is going up at a 10% annual rate and that the next few decades look especially good for fleas.

Route 7 Bypass

The plan also disclosed that the Route 7 bypass location had already been decided. A 4-lane bypass was shown to pass through President Armstrong's dining room, up to the third floor of Old Chapel, over the pulpit in Mead Chapel (is nothing sacred?), and through the game room in Proctor Hall. It was further found that President Armstrong has plans to moonlight as a MacDonald's manager and will sell hamburgers to tourists as they pass through his dining room and that his secretary will then sell bromo selzer to them as they pass through his office. Chaplain Scott will give sermons during rush hour and a bookie will be hired to take bets from tourists on foosball games.

To accomodate the skyrocketing number of Alibi patrons as well as the rapidly increasing DWI arrest rate and court appearances, the village green will be paved over for a parking lot. And in an effort to handle Middlebury's traffic congestion, Officer Arthur Ploof will be supplied with a brand new whistle. This addition was deemed a sufficient solution to the congestion that is reaching New York City proportions.

Shopping centers are planned for three other sites besides the one on Route 7 South. There will be one on Route 30 a half mile beyond the Field House, one on Route Seven North, and one on Route 125. The present central business district will be acquired by the Division of Historic Sites.

Solid Waste

The solid waste situation in Vermont has gotten out of hand. Therefore, the town plan calls for the purchase of Middlebury College's football stadium for a land fill site, with the new field house as a backup.

Although opponents have been quick to criticize the plan, its proponents have accused them of not knowing the facts behind the plan. When these right-wing environmentalists asked to see the facts, the town claimed executive privilege on all but one o f the studies conducted for the preparation of the plan. This study dealt with the power plant siting. However, the environmentalists are suspicious of the study, since the page numbers skip from 3 to 25, indicating that eighteen pages may be missing, including a section thought to deal with the potential dangers of the plant. Some of the remaining pages also appear to have been cut in half, indicating the possibility of gaps.

The town officials have asked their environmental opponents to trust them, but they agreed to call in a team of experts from Mary Hogan Elementary School to investigate the situation.

The town plan must now be okayed by the Middlebury Board of Realtors, Contractors, and Businesssmen before it can be pursued further.

STORE TWO-EXPENSIVE

This week's special-pencils with those wild flowers - $1.50 each. Ten cent candy bars - only fifteen cents. Soupbowl plates.

Review.. midlebrow's bearpit festival

By J. FRED MUGGS

I recently attended, at the Compost's expense, a wonderful function. It was held at the Middlebrow Collegium of Farts and Silences, being that august Institution of Higher Conversation's "175th Annual Festival of Intellectual-Type Advancement and Fun Things To Do."

The Festival was held in Middlebrow Collegium's lovely June Allyson Memorial Bearpit, whose imposing shoebox-style facade is the chief element in the Festival's Official Insignia, and appears on all offical Festival stationary, bubble gum wrappers, and toilet paper. Beer was not allowed inside the Bearpit for aesthetic reasons, a policy which closely parallels the Collegium's unofficial policy towards matters of principle. The Bearpit is located right next door to the new, advanced Flusher Jockmarket and Solipsism Emporium, a product of Middlebrow's dynamic, farsighted financial policy. It has been called "One of the Seven Wonders of Administrative Rationalization."

Directly across the street is the imposing 43 volume Rosa Luxembourg Library, as fitting a tribute to that great woman's memory as fearless Middlebrow is likely to produce. In its stack, dozens of upperclassmen feverishly slave away at a research paper, which must be completed in two days. The research paper upon which they are working, whose topic varies quite occasionally, is a demonstration of the faculty's teaching competence. It has been awarded the Stalin Prize twice.

In the Bearpit's unlit corners, seniors converse with freshmen upon matters of mutual concern. Middlebrow social life places a high level of importance upon affairs academic. He strums her nipples. She warms his groin. Thus the essence of the student-teacher relationship for which Middlebrow's fame has justly spread far and wide is reproduced a million times outside the classroom and in!

As Middlebrow's ill-paid but happy custodial staff--"Mistah Jimmy, he treat us real good"--shuffles about the Bearpit dimming the candles, the audience

Himself and Herself have a bit of a tiff.

expectorantly settles in its seats. A spotlight suddenly highlights a lone figure standing on the stage. He is dressed in traditional Manhattan Indian headgear and a loincloth of fifty dollar bills. This is Middlebrow's beloved Chief Jimmy "Runningfast" Armandhammer. Lashed firmly to the bowsprit of the Collegium's academic ship of state, his sincere smile and winning fund-raising abilities have helped it weather many an annoying squall. Once or twice a year they let him down to deliver the traditional "Invocation of the Ghost of Invocations Past," in which he steadfastly renews Middlebrow's everlasting commitment to Eisenhower's great dictum, "Things are more like they are now than they ever have been."

Tonight, he begins with a quotation from the immortal Raymond Chandler. "Ladies and gen tlemen, guys and gals, my face was stiff with thought, or with something that made it stiff." Unfortunately, at this point I dropped my program under my secretary and missed the rest of the Invocation in looking for it.

Next on the program is a "Pot Luck Supper" catered by the London Bridges Foodstuffs And Stuffedfoods Corp., whose motto, proudly emblazoned in raisins on every salisbury steak, reads "Falling all over ourselves to get YOU good eats, no matter whom the cost!" Those last five words were added when it was decided that no farmworker was going to deprive Middlebrow students of their god-given right to the best possible roughage in their diets.

continued on p. 9

i was a sophomore guide

The following is an account of a recent tour of the campus given by sophomore Rolanda Ringworm.

The group looks unexciting this morning. First we have the Biltmore Twins, Bryan and Bobby from Xenia, Ohio, both of whom are thinking seriously of careers in disaster relief. I warn them that while we don't actually have a Disaster Relief Major, our Classics Department, while small, is one of the best in Central-Western Vermont. Also joining us this morning are Mr. and Mrs. Prostate Fiegenbutz with their lovely daughter Pituataria. Little Pituataria seems a bit naive; she's clad in pink taffeta and wearing black patent leather party shoes lined with rhinestones. Finally with us this morning, is Cleveland Wittington Demont III (just call me 'Lids'). Lids' seems to be in the midst of withdrawal, alternately humming "Sugar Magnolia," and twitching violently.

As we enter the Field House, I warn the group to avoid stepping on the disemboweled chicken lying in disarray on the floor. We walk up to the weight room, past the ladies Powder Room (the women's locker room), just in time to see Darryl Damon plunge through the floor as he attempts to press 468 pounds. Mrs. Fiegenbutz hurriedly covers Pituataria's face as a young male emerges from the stairwell, clad only in an athletic supporter.

"Hey man," says Lids loudly, "How easy is it to score snow on this campus?"

Our next stop is the library. Bobby asks how many volumes are contained in the building. As per instructions, I parry the query, and instead steer the tour over to our amply filled magazine racks..

As we leaf through back issues of the **Afghanistani Agronomist's Quarterly Review, Boy's Life** and **Men's Stories Mag** (the lead article this month: "How I wiped Out A German Machine Gun Nest with a Blond in One Arm and a Six-Pack in the Other," by Leo Strauss, as told to Roger Maris), I tell them that the Robert Frost room has not only one third of his total works, but a complete collection of laundry bills and prescriptions he received from age 14 on.

"Hey Man," Lids yells, "Do the stores in town have American flag rolling papers?"

Passing through the scrumptious rococo entry of the Johnson Arts Building, replete with luscious confections of pomposity, I explain that the erection was financed through the generous contributions of Mrs. Christian A. Johnson, sanitary napkin magnate from Bismarck, North Dakota. At her specific request, I continue, the building was designed with only a third and fourth floor by Horst Horpud, a deranged Armenian midget who died of diaper rash shortly after construction was completed.

"Is anyone interested in music?" I inquire of my guests. Lids grunts in the affirmative and commences his 43rd rendition of "Sugar Magnolia."

On our way into Proctor, we pass the Foosball Table, where four foosers are playing the last point of a game that began in 1967. I point out to my charges how the flesh of their hands has actually grafted with time onto the handles of the game. Once in the Cafeteria, Mrs. Fiegenbutz begins to hemorrhage as she is hit by a

continued on p. 9

Review: plato's efficiency

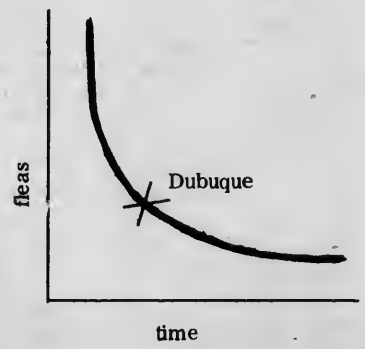
THE HOMOSEXUAL THEME IN PLATO'S REPUBLIC, by Leslie Fiedler, Dogwood Press, Newark, 1974.

By GEOFF VIANDE

Although it is true that Plato was Viennese, nevertheless, it is not "apropos," as Hegel so aptly may have remarked had he been alive at the time. But I digress. The colorful passages, the spoon-feeding, the devil-may-care je-ne-sais quoi's, are all there in this new transduction of Fiedler, who fiedled while Rome burned (ha! ha!). BUT I digress.

Superficiality as a doctrine so used in Fiedler's hardly revolutionary but nonetheless vaguely amusing thesis, which was rejected by fourteen academic journals before its publication by girlie-mag purveyor Dogwood, had its roots in Aristotle's Doctrine of the Six Big Things to Remember. I should enumerate them, but I won't. You can find them in your **Monarch Notes**. I have an autographed, leatherbound set which you may borrow sometime. I'll be in Mr. Up's behind the rum and coke.

Having said this much — but what can be said to be much if much is not made of what be made of what has already been said at a later date — it is about time for an efficiency curve:



It is easy to confuse the issue, however. I liked the sights and scents of Tangiers, the orange odor in the air, the short native girl with unshaven underarms and gappy teeth who for a few coins would leave me alone. Plato, however, was from Athens. Fiedler teaches in Buffalo. He probably does not wear a bowling shirt to class. They are both brilliant, but Plato is not good with his hands.

Oh, to be wise again, and get back to your lazy waters! Contrariwise, such is neither the nature of nurture nor scientific di-progressionism, illustrated by Richard Brautigan's unsettling **Trout Fishing in America**, a book with a small grain of truth. Plato, on the other hand, has no commerical potential — "nullis pretii," as the Latins would have it — but Feidler has a beard, which is, evaluatively positing the ineluctable ethico-Bosnian parameters of hirsutitude, totally irrelevant.

I am glad I did not buy this book.

the rabble and the scrambled

Notes on the Society Scene

Our all-ears newshound was in the Crest Room last night, and heard the little lady behind the counter yelling "Hamburger!" forty times, when an ever-so-hungry King of the Blues, darling B.B., walked into the short-order place and order forty hamburgers. . .Our spy in the Addison County Courthouse tells us that the Art department's Mr. Most-of-Everything, Alan Stone, was knocked up last Friday by a District Court judge for committing unnatural acts with painter Grunewald's "Altar Piece" in the back seat of a bored-and-stroked blue Opel GT. The arresting officer said that Stone stammered repeatedly, "But Jesus, sir, I thought it was a bug on his foot, a bug, really." Instead of the regulation black-and-white striped threads, Stone managed to finagle a pair of racy paisley print prison pajamas, a courtesy normally reserved for under-age inmates. . .Whooaa-ho! Turnaround-of-the-Week Award goes this week to the mercurial Murray Dry, who streaked last Sunday's Hillel brunch. Warned a hot-footed Murray to stunned devotees, "Don't ask how we made the bagels" . . .Hold the presses!!! Is the library burning?! Could this be the potential romance of the era???!!! Reliable sources tells us of a meeting between Miss Helen "Smily" Davis and Mr. John "Wiggles" Rothrock, both of Reference Desk fame, caught in the midst of a tete-a-tete underneath a Library of Congress card in the Afghani Literature section of Starr Library last week. Big "W" is the recipient of the Most Innocuous Person Around Award for 1974 and landed the Oversize Book medallion last year. She was formerly Miss Open Stacks at Bryn Mawr. She's filing him under "P" for "Possible"...Our creeper in Forest Dormitory tripped over a third floor Tupperware party last Tuesday eve. Who wasn't there? The spy says it was awfully difficult to make out faces, because of the glare from hall lights reflecting off all those huge ROCKS on felicitous fingers. Harriet, of Ozzie and Harriet '74 fame, supplied the silverware for the occasion. The cuddly and curvaceous hostess was, of course, the shaker of Shaker Heights, debutante-in-residence Tipsy van der Hagen. Tipsy sported a stunning pair of off-white carpenter's pants with a coordinated Stewart plaid workshirt - simply superbe! She'll take a dip in the steno pool next fall with Princeton's Pride, Hensley Fitzgerald at his estate on The Cape. . .Who COULD it be??? Social lioness Bright-Eyed Betty says she saw two entranced charmers on New Dorms Mound at the sunset last Thursday. He was wearing jeans and a jean jacket. She was adorned in corduroy pants and a down parka. Who ARE those two???. . .We're not able to verify this one, but those friendly folks at Doria's (nee Sam's) Market supposedly said to an unidentified individual yesterday, "Say, you know, we don't get many kangaroos in here these days.". . .This just off the wires: You've heard of comic-book star, the Silver Surfer? Well, guess which college president was seen trucking along between #3 South Street and Gifford dormitory last Wednesday afternoon, with the older fiberglass board with the skeg of silver tucked under one arm? And wearing a Hang-Ten gremlin suit, to boot!. . .Yes friends, now we have the final word on discipline at Middlebury. Misinformation Manager, Laurence Chase, released a bulletin on Monday morning, quoting our own J. Edgar, Dean Arnold McKinney, as saying, "The Dean is not here to create disorder. He's here to preserve dis order"...

Bring on the Bromo-Seltzer and the icebags, Dr. Fartin'! Gastronomique par excellence, one J. Hunisak of Storrs Avenue Plaza, hosted an unforgettable fete Saturday night, and we hear it took the Porter Hospital ambulance crew all night to ship the bodies home. We suppose that it will take more than a little revision of history for Nicholas Clifford to explain why he stuttered continuously for three-and-a-half hours while trying to rationalize the hors-d'oeuvres off his plate and into his mouth. And Carol Armstrong, paramour of head honcho Himself, she rarely at a loss for a modus operandi, teetered around the premises, mumbling "How lifelike! How lifelike!" to anyone who would listen.

"D" and Judy O'B enjoyed themselves wickedly. Jude regaled the vegetables assembled on her lap with tales of dark doings at the ballot box in the recent School Board elections, while Dennis, never ever at loose ends for irrelevant occurrences, sallied forth clad only in a gold-lame athletic supporter— who wasn't wearing much either! Stuffing his mouth with live escargots, which he mistook for bon mots from presidential flacky, Richie Miner, DOB launched into a steaming, scintillating musical rendition of "Leo, Leo by my Strauss who's the hottest philosopher in the house?," Chicago U's debate team fight song. This apparently precipitated a host of irate Harvardian iconoclasts into a bruising melee, from which dauntless Dennis emerged much the worse for wear.

English department heavy, Davie Littlefingers-Into-Everyone, smiling gregariously all the while, toodled about the room spiking the scotch decanters with saltpeter. Dave sported a new button, from the National Organization of Women, which depicted a flame-haired feminist sticking a knife into the bust of Bill Shakespeare (the fella who brought you Hamlet, and most recently, Romeo and Juliet Meet Frankenstein), all this over the caption, "No More B.S." This sizzling little accoutrement so enraged militant Russian professor Robert "Crusher" Baker, that he began flinging chopped liver sandwiches and other morsels at the crepe Suzette, luscious bonbon of the oh-so-chic French department.

Also in attendance were Connie and David Bumbeck of Piazza Bumbecki. Daring Dave spent a good part of the evening racing his Chevelle SS Batmobile around the host's house, inflicting considerable damage on several lawns and the south side of the Science Center. Comely Connie delighted a duo of Motolanez's with the hippest pronunciations of the latest no-no expletives in Tierra del Fuego. Bart Teush stood his distance from

continued on p. 9

ou sont les lettres au rebut d'antan

BY PADDY DIGNAM

In mid-March of this year, readers of the Middlebury Campus faced a terrifying void in the newpaper's "Letters to the Editor" section.

It appeared that the flow of those pithy, cute, obscure, basically bizarre letters streaming out of Middlebury's bureaucratic Bastille, Cold Chapel, had been mysteriously dammed up. Had someone's pen run dry?

An outcry from students, faculty, and concerned citizens precipitated a widespread investigation to determine why the letter writers had pulled out of the putrid post business. Unfortunately, mountains of red-tape and double talk stymied the Compost dicks assigned to the search. As April vacation rolled around, the editors were confronted with the possibility that readers would never again ravenously paw over their publication stained with Thursday's lunch.

A break in the case came last week, however, when a rather frail looking boy wearing coke-bottle glasses and a thin tie handed over a document to the Compost reporter in the privacy of the Alibi's Men's Room.

Your reporter decided that it was time to haul, as we say, ass and get this scoop on the galleys. The boy's anonymity has been duly protected and we are printing his story in full, complete with his rather esoteric title, **A Farewell to J. Alfred O'Tool**, against our better judgment. His story reads as follows:

This year there had been many victories, He had spoken often and well. Though at times catching flak from all sides, he had survived. It was his job to catch flak. He had done his job, that was all.

When he had started writing letters it had felt good. Each letter confused them more and more. Who after all was Angelo Rancalli? They had no idea. Of course they eventually decided poorly that Rancalli had been a hit-man for Carlo Gambino in the late fifties, that in the mid-sixties he had transferred his allegiance to Joey Gallo when Joey tried to take over the New York mob. Ah, they were such gavones. They had had no faculty to help them, no courses in ecumenicalism. Imagine saying such things about a stone-cold Pope. It had been fun.

Still they had fought back. One had actually called him dangerous. How crude. He only saw one way to completely stop them. He would write the cutest, most obscure letter in history. He needed help, strange as it seemed to him. Catherine would help, he thought. It was she who had backed him up when he put the screws to that one who was saying things about Big Jim in his newspaper column. Her logic, he knew, was questionable. The only way to fight innuendo was with slurs, she had said. Now that's a D plus if I ever saw one. Still, his colleagues weren't exactly busting chops to help him bring the college in line with the 1950's.

He would go to see Barthelme at the New Yorker. He would go by bus as it was more ecological; and besides he could rub elbows with those he knew and loved so much, the hoipolloi.

Catherine had been thrilled at the idea. "Oh, isn't it grand, Fredrick."

"Yes, it's grand, Catherine."

She had always called him Fredrick since it sounded so continental. He had always called her Catherine since that was her name.

"Oh, you dear sweet boy, Fredrick, you'll write the grandest letter. You'll have more parenthetical clauses (you never could fit all of your far-out gems into one good declarative sentence anyway), more lists, more pedantic references. After this, sweets, you'll never have to tool around in your Italian ambulance getting wounded by students who have forgotten the word ethic. O, and dear, Ernest will be so happy."

"Who the fuck is Ernest," he had said.

"Why you are, dear. You've always been." She took off her glasses and mimicked his serious Princeton face.

The trip to New York did not go well. He felt uncomfortable talking with Barthelme, who had seen the real world. "I've copied your whole approach," he told him. "I've read the New Yorker since I was five. I was au courant before I was born." He showed Barthelme copies of his past letters.

"That's not it at all, that is not what I meant at all," Barthelme had said.

"Ah, I get it," he had said. "T. S. Eliot. Even though I majored in Rhetoric in college, we had to take courses in other disciplines. Now I'm glad I did." Barthelme looked confused. He shrugged his shoulders and walked back to his typewriter.

After that he needed a drink. He wondered what Jake Barnes would have ordered at a time like this. He waled into a good cafe at the corner of 125th and 8th and asked for a Cinzano on the rocks, with a slice of orange. The bartender had handed him a bottle of Bud and a dirty glass. Another failure.

The bus trip back was long and hot. Often he thought of Catherine looking way-dece in her tight white nurse's uniform. She was carrying his letter inside her now. She would soon have to go to the hospital. His letter would be entitled "Out of Old Chapel, Endlessly Talking." Very original, he thought. They would nurture it together and to hell with New York.

He cursed himself now for telling Barthelme he had copied his style. Already Dandy and Dick, two of them whom he could sometimes get to go along with him,

continued on p 10

THE BEST OF NANCY (CONDENSED)
WHY CAN'T YOU BE MORE LIKE ROLLO, THE RICH KID?
I HAD A JOB WINDING YO-YO'S BUT THEY GAVE IT TO ERNIE BUSHMILLER
NEXT DAY AT THE PLACEMENT OFFICE
GET A HAIRCUT TODAY
REMEMBER, SLUGGO, YOU MUST TRY TO "SELL YOURSELF"
$3.98
?

editorial

Vermont corn plaster disaster

We have recently discovered a startling and terrible condition with which few Vermonters, male and female, are unafflicted. We feel morally obligated to draw attention to this fearsome discovery which so agonizingly affects the quality of life here in Vermont.

The ailment: corns. Privately sponsored studies have conservatively estimated that three out of five Vermonters suffer considerable distress from corns of the foot. The cause is not at all obscure. The enemy of three out of every five Vermonters is bad shoes. Shrewd "fast buck" merchants, not realizing the painful consequences of their mercenary schemes, are each day unloading dozens of ill-constructed , ill-formed, and ill-fitting shoes on unsuspecting Vermonters. These shoes often squeak or groan, pinch or grind, and rarely support the arch.

Evidence of corns is all around us. We frequently notice Vermonters whose winces, frowns, and other facial expressions of disinterest, preoccupation, inimicality, haggardness, and gravity bear witness to their silent suffering. Numerous other situations find reasonable explanations in the predominance of corns.

Why do Vermonters tend to be laconic, if not taciturn? They are in too much pain to be loquacious.

Why do many Vermont men carry around rifles and shotguns in their trucks? We all have limits to tolerating pain, and we shudder to consider these men surgically removing their corns with these weapons.

Why did we have a gas shortage in Vermont? Vermonters understandably depend upon their cars, so as not to aggravate their corns by extensive footwork.

Why does Middlebury have so many parking areas, with more coming? Shoppers wish to park as close to the stores as possible for, again, less footwork.

Why are shopping centers threatening to turn Main Street into a ghost town? Shopping centers are today's ultimate in automotive convenience.

Why do so many Vermonters violate posted speed limits and drive recklessly? The overpowering need to get home and soak their corns forces many to ignore the rules of the road.

Why are so many Vermonters unemployed? In many cases, the agony of corns has driven them from their jobs. We suspect that the St. Albans area, with its especially high unemployment rate, must be the corn capital of Vermont.

Why do we occasionally see College grounds men driving around campus in College vehicles, wondering what to do? They must keep moving to keep their jobs, and they naturally find it much too painful to move around on foot.

We hope that the Senators and Congressmen from Vermont will soon approach the President of the United States, whoever that may be, and seek federal relief for Vermonters' corns. We wage that the President declare this state a national corn plaster disaster area. This emergency calls for a vast improvement in foot care and an influx of podiatrists to this state under the federal control of the Corn Relief And Podiatry Agency (CRAP).

Locally, Middlebury should establish the Corn Hollow Foot Center, offering low-cost aid to sufferers and stocked with bales of corn plasters, all federally financed. The root of the problem calls for better shoes in large quantities, non-pinch and not tight or too hard, again federally supplied to be exchanged at minimal cost for old corn-conducive shoes. And finally we fall back on our faith in modern technology to invent new therapeutic devices to eradicate the little foot blains, particularly in the tragic cases of hopelessly calloused corns, where even today's medicine can not make a dent.

C.L.

Letters to the editor

To the Editor:

Well, its about time. I've been waiting for this opportunity all year, and you guys just handed it to me on a silver platter. I don't care who's looking, I'm going to sit at this typewriter and write a vicious, unprovoked attack upon myself. Ready? Here goes:

Unprincipled poo-poo of a nasty unclean son of the mother of a big fat bullfrog who wouldn't know an ethic if it bit me in the ass and I kick dogs and rape little girls on subways and no wonder nobody loves me because I look like a reject from a glue factory dum-dum and a jerkface besides doodyhead and not at all a nice person. Also I laugh at "My Mother the Car."

An anonymous Trustee

To the Editor:

The recent addition of stag films at faculty smokers offends my liberated sensibilities. I was very shocked to find myself surrounded by 150 raincoat-clad panting pedagogues at our last meeting. None of them even had the consideration to offer me a baseball glove. Then those pigs had the gall to ask me to go make some coffee. That was the last stroke. I'm leaving.

Joan Peters

To the Editor:

As Aristotle points out in the **Parva Naturalia**, when we said that we wanted to eliminate the faculty what we really meant was that we wanted to continue them – albeit in a state of functional nihilating consciousness, viz., **Nichtsein.**

It has been judged that faculty are not financially stable in the long run and before there is any move toward sartorial shabbiness, we feel that they could be replaced by the touring company of **Hello Dolly**. If faculty prefer, however, we would settle for right of first purchase in the event that they cease to function as faculty -- in which case we would run them just as always , except that they would pay the room and board credit of the Comprehensive fee and parking fines. After all, we were authorized to effect "ownership and/or control" and even with water meters , that still means only a 7 percent rise in rents.

It might seem , of course, that the faculty would prefer not to be eliminated because the Fact Finding Committee poll indicates 54 percent of the faculty prefer a return to the gold standard. On Tenure , however, the notion that six articles in the Campus is equivalent to a book published by Harvard Press should eliminate quotas and several departments simultaneously. Which leaves only the Winter Term requirement and plowing Fraternity lots.

Dean of Heaven and Earth

Dear Mr. Editor:

I just can't hack this Starr Library scene. In my recurring nightmare, I fear that the place is just a clever front for a clandestine School of Secretarial Science with branch offices in Voter and Old Chapel. I wish to report the evidence as I dreamed it. I had just made a narrow escape from being goose-stepped to death by a phalanx of spike-heeled figures hooded in tedium and clad in gauzy nylon. It was a grey afternoon and Mr. Rathrake had stepped out. The air was rank with the stench of hairspray.

"I'd like an interlibrary loan form."

"Well! We can't just give you one, you know. You have to go through the regular channels; otherwise people would be borrowing books left and right and where would our libraries be without books and besides it's 3:36 now and I'm off at 5:00 so are you sure you need it right now?

"I guess I could go down to the Ilsley Library and..'

"Never mind! If you're in such a hurry we'll fill out the forms now, but I can't possibly process them until next week, and I'll be on vacation then...Anyway, I'll need your name."

"Dash Outrage."

"No, no, no. Your student name!"

"I'm sorry...05753."

"Thank you. Now, question #1. What do you intend to do with the borrowed volume should you receive it, and do you have any skin diseases which could pose a threat to its condition?"

"What in the hell...?"

"Sir! These are the regular channels. Now you'll just have to complete these forms yourself—it's 3:47 already and I have to start getting on my coat in order to leave on time."

"O.K. Let me borrow that yellow pencil, will you?"

"I'm sorry, sir. We don't know the colors by their names. You'll have to give me the number."

"What? Oh-h, I think I'm getting a headache. You got any aspirin?"

"Well, have you looked in the card catalogue?" I fainted and awoke writing this letter:

Mr. Editor, why do I have these dreams?

Dash Outrage

To the Editor:

We members of Mortar Board, the organization which best represents the ideals and values of Middlebury College, are concerned that Mortar Board will not receive the recognition it merits for the important social work it has done this year. We'd like to mention at least the following: we all have four points, we published a guide to field trips in Addison County, and we planned the Senior Sale.

Susie Shuffleboard

Dear Editor,

She walked into the room, clad only in a scanty negligee. Her breasts strained at the halter like two wild stallions attempting to burst free from a tight, leather reign. "Lance," she cried as I walked into the room, my fig leaf fluttering precariously in the breeze. And then we were together and I was buffeted about upon her breasts like an old frigate on a stormy sea. Together we rode higher and higher on the primordial tidal waves of our mutual and inexorable passion. "Don't stop Lance," she gasped through teeth clenched tight as Kosygin's sphincter.

Middlebury Christian Fellowship

To the Editor:

Hi there. You may not know me. But I know you. I've been watching you for a long, long time. I know everything. All the little things, and all the big things. I know why Nat Forbes really stopped writing his column, and I know why the dorm showers sometimes don't work. Boy, am I sneaky. I can go anywhere, too. I was watching you last Friday before you left for the Alibi, but you didn't know I was watching you, did you? I even looked behind your mirror and read all those little scraps of paper you hid so carefully. But you don't care. No you don't, not at all. Well, I know what to do about that. Someday we're going to have a nice little talk.

Sincerely yours,
The Kielbasa Murderer
Ripton, Vermont

The Middlebury Camps
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vt.
Dear Sir,

I have a fourteen year old daughter who would be interested in attending your summer camp.

She is in the eighth grade at the Westminster Schools here in Atlanta and loves French.She enjoys tennis and many other activities.She is a fine student and is president of the Junior High Student Body.

If you have a summer program that might be interesting to her, please send information.

Yours Truly,
Luck Gambrell
Atlanta, Georgia

DISHWASHER

"Bring on the next load!" shouts Rick 'The Rag' Nads who was recently appointed foreman of the dirty socks room in Middlebury's own Quesnel's laundramat. Rick, a '73 grad, takes pride in the fact that he personally washes all socks by hand. A Phi Betta Kappa religion major, Rick also works Sunday mornings as an altar boy in Mead Chapel.

MAID

"At first I didn't think I'd be able to meet the challenge," said Mike 'The Mop' Menopause, Middlebury grad circa 1973. "But the Placement Office assured me that my BA in political science would carry me." Mike, shown above scrubbing the floor of a patient's washroom in the Brandon Training School where he now works, feels that with hard work, industry, and a little luck, he will be promoted to the staff washroom circuit by February of 1977. In his spare time, Mike likes to read Hobbes.

announcements

Court Convictions

The Middlebury People's Court recorded the following fines and convictions last week: Fred Spencer, $100 fine for possession of marijuana, $5 fine for illegal parking on College Street; Gordon Bridges, $100 fine for conscious infliction of ptomaine poisoning; Nat Forbes, assessed four additional gym classes for disturbing the peace; Walter Moyer, fined $25 for anonymity; Middlebury Compost, fined $1000 for libel (suit brought by J. Isbell Armstrong); Ron Duquette, $100 fine for excessive verbosity; and DU and KDR fraternity houses fined $500 for the transportation of meat unfit for human consumption (certain individuals at Green Mountain College were named as unindicted co-conspirators).

Tall promoted

The President's office announced today that Roth "T" Tall has been kicked upstairs once again. Tall will now serve as the President's closest advisor on the special needs of students who are pygmies. Interviewed in the Crest Room by the **Compost**, Tall stated that he was happy to accept the challenge as it should dispel all of those nasty rumors about nepotism.

Reap meets reaper

The Middlebury Radical Education Action Project regretfully announces its demise at the hands of outraged Cypriot peasants brought in to speak upon CIA involvement in Third World mango chutney production. The Cypriots' rage is alleged to have been sparked by cosmopolitan REAP head honcho Greg Dennis' offer of Turkish Delight after cocktails.

Old Chapel notes

Please deposit all dead pigeons at the Proctor Hall Kitchen.

All students who apply for off-campus living privileges will be immediately expelled.

Starting next week, Middlebury fraternities will be inoperative. All frat brothers who insist on continuing frat activities will have their transcripts mailed out to prospective employers.

This semester's unannounced Room Search will occur sometime during the semester in accordance with last year's Community Council guidelines.

Students with bicycles will be fined $10 and have their spokes broken by "The Goons" as of 3:30 A.M. yesterday. Anyone who complains will not be allowed to graduate.

Short subjects

—Mama Neri's wedgies have provoked some controversy in the Middlebury Community. Freshman Knurdley Shlabotnik, condemning the practice before the Community Council, has asked for a cash reimbursement to buy two new pairs of Fruit of the Loom underwear.

—Campus Security and the Deans have recently disclosed measures against disruption by streakers of the upcoming Commencement exercises. Guards, armed with fire extinguishers loaded with Ben-Gay and shotguns loaded with salt, will be posted at every entrance to the Field House.

—The Department Chairmen of Biology and Chemistry have announced their intention to sell all the bound volumes of **Geological** and **Chemical Abstracts**, **Scientific American**, **Nature**, and **Science**, and to convert the remaining volumes, whenever possible, into microfilm. The profits gleaned from this long-discussed move will be contributed to the Golf Course Fund and the construction of an outhouse for the Paris Fletcher Field House.

—An interesting note on the Field House — the County Health Service has closed two squash courts and the janitors at the Field House have been directed to clean out the two courts.

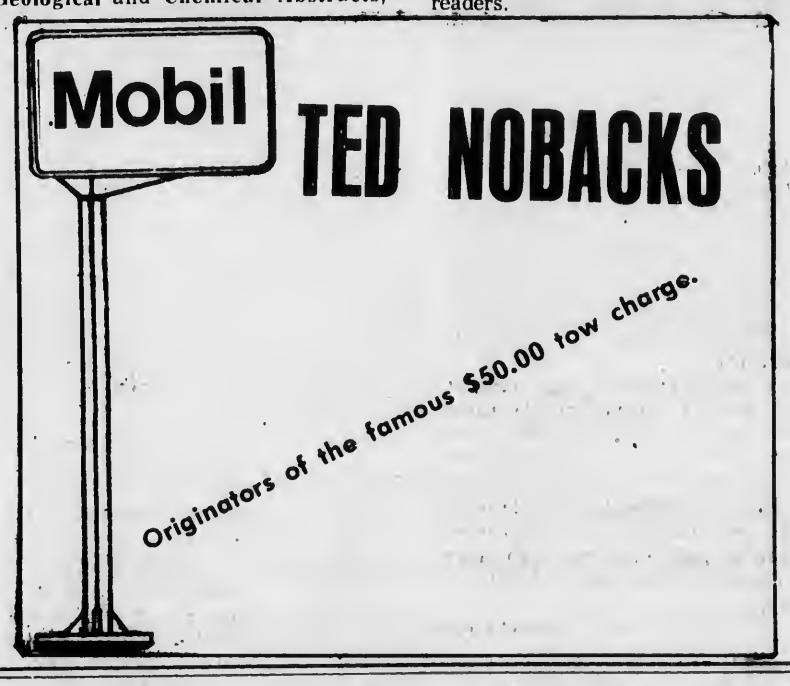
—Max Peterson revealed to us that the Alumni Magazine will publish a "President Armstrong Photograph Album" this summer, dropping all pretenses of informing the community or of providing valuable service to its readers.

DORKIA'S MARKET

Serving all your needs with a frown and a cheerful "Whaddya want?"

Special this week--15¢ N.Y. Times for 35¢. And now--while they last--back issues of "Midnight" and the "National Enquirer" at reasonable prices.

Come in and chat painfully with the grumpy Dorkia family, formerly of Leavenworth, Kansas, where they were run out of town for Crossing State Lines to Incite Malhumor.



the alleybry

All new graffiti in both rest rooms.
Challenging kick-proof electric hockey machine.
Guzzle to the recorded music of the same old juke repertoire.
Special feature bouncer and customer counters this weekend:
Tatum O'Neal and Donny Osmond.

new feces supplement

Lt. Joseph Colombo
Pearl Harbor School
of Military Preparedness
Chutzpah Major

Felicity Fogey
Shady Oak Haven
Needlepoint Major

Howard Burchman
London School of Economics
Agitation Major

Bosco de Verona
Hugh Downs School of
Method Acting
Mugging Major

Slats Grobnik
Terre Haute Institute
of Physical Education
Volleyball Major

copyright NEWSWEEK

Nancy Maginnes
Green Mtn. Jr. College
Animal Husbandry Major

Campus format...

continued from p. 1

Other personnel switches to be carried out in keeping with the new journalistic style are as follows:

Ross Eisenbrey, currently Copy Editor, will head up the newly-created TV Review Section. Ross, it is thought, has no complaints with his new job, perhaps attributable to his ability to sit through old reruns of "Hogan's Heroes" and "The Addams Family" without frequent relief trips.

Sports Editor Tom Ryan's staff with remain intact, as it is felt that the sports articles generally have been in keeping with the paper's new format.

Staff reporter Barbara Kritchevsky will preside over soon-to-be-inaugurated "Travel Section." Already in the works are Barbara's first two articles, "Bartering for Beaver in Bristol" and "Fine Arts Flourish in Monkton."

Dick Hackett has agreed to stay on the staff in his current position as Business Manager and Comptroller (Dick prefers the latter title—it sounds more political), and has enlisted in Town Treasurer Kenneth Caul's night course in Bookkeeping at Middlebury Union High School in order to improve his efficiency and over-all welfare.

Frosh poll...

continued from p. 2

angered you?" Of the 120 respondents, 108 could not think of anything, 9 replied, "Recognizing Red China," and 3 replied, "The discontinuation of capital punishment."

Question #7: "What do you think of the new Head of the State Department?" The most common response of the 17 freshmen who replied was "Which state and which department are you talking about?"

Pit your nerve against our aggressive sales people specially trained in guerilla combat techniques.
We challenge you to find prices that exceed ours in any comparably sized rip-off store.
Outfit your whole family in our cutesy "Tyrolean Look'" PINAFORES AND FEATHERED HATS (only $456,98 with matching milk pails).

Sikhaus

IN THE WALLET OF MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT

UNITED FIVE & DIME: SERVING YOUR MOST ESSENTIAL NEEDS:

left hand monkey wrench
pink plastic plant trellis
wire-hangers-all purpose
horizontal smoke shifts
silly putty
vegomatic
chicken straighteners
bacon flatteners
a wire thimble
buttoneer
used egg shells
1/2 price: April Fool cards

Feeling like a heel? Just flunked a Thumpy exam or got shafted by an ugly Freshman?
Come for a meal at the place that understands:

THE DOGHOUSE

Bakery Lane Soup Bowl

Favorite dining place of all those "in the soup."

Muggs review...

continued from p. 6

As Chief Armandhammer closes his Invocation—I believe with words to the effect that "You are what you eat'"—I hear a great rustling all about me. It is Middlebrow's student body donning their traditional mealtime blindfolds, an ancient custom ensuring that the students will approach the mastication experience with a proper intellectual detachment and objectivity. No unreasonable trenchermen here!

After the ceremonial blindfolding, the faculty races down the aisles to a central vat, whence they return bearing huge, steaming bowls of gruel newburgh. This is something that the faculty itself, delicate-stomached souls all, could never ingest; however, their only thought is to service the students, and that's what's important. As usual, all members of the administration serve themselves, symbolizing their egalitarian creed of acting in nobody's interest in particular.

Dinner is followed by an extraordinarily amusing floor show. First, the Board of Directors of WGAS-FM, a local religious organization, perform astounding feats of prestidigitation, demonstrating a precious ability to make thousands of dollars a year disappear into thin air while nobody is listening. This ability will surely serve them well in later life, and is one of the things the Collegium is all about.

WGAS provides background music for the next act, in which all persons who had not worked hard enough the previous Winter Terms are lined up and shot by the Faculty Standing Committee on Sitting Down.

Prior to the execution, which was most politely done, the Chairman of the Faculty Committee on Committees, himself not a faculty member, made a stirring speech about academic discipline and raising standards. His green bowtie bobbed persuasively as he explained that there are standards which should be lived up to and those which shouldn't, and that, unfortunately, financial exigencies this year precluded excessive permissiveness towards individualistic lifestyles, which would be "credited"--not "rebated," the difference being that with "rebate" you get full credit for what you've spent and with "credit" you don't--to each student's account in Heaven.

He then threw off his outer garments, revealing a magnificent physique clad only in the briefest of lick-off bikini trunks, and climbed a hundred-fifty foot ladder to a tiny platform, from which he courageously dove into a thimbleful of vaseline. "I like that greasy kid stuff," he jested as he dusted himself off. The audience smirked appreciatively.

But things quickly become serious a moment later when the administration began its Yearly Parade of Middlebrow Progress. A hush blanketed the Bearpit as a member of the Board of Trustees, a man of shining moral character whose high ethical code and unimpeachable personal integrity have been compared with that of the President of the United States, a man whose whole life has been devoted to the laudable end of facilitating communication between the wealthy and the powerful (what, indeed, would we do without communications?), a man rarely seen but constantly sought-after for his sage counsel and knowledge, stood up.

He was handed a shiny new bosun's whistle by a smiling native of an oppressed Third World country. He blew the whistle, and the Parade began.

This year, the theme of the Parade was "Where Angels Feared to Tread; Intrepid Administrative Initiatives into All Areas of Student Life." The first float featured the administrator with the green bowtie and a larger-than life-size mannequin. On the mannequin's forehead were three Greek letters. The float was entitled, "Changing Positions on the Frats." To the oohs and ahs of the audience, the administrator attempted to fenestrate the mannequin at least fifty times, all the time proclaiming his respect for its high ideals and sorrow that it might soon be dead.

Another float, entitled "In Loco Parentis; the Joys of Motherhood," carried a touching nativity scene in which an entire educational insitution struggled to give birth to an insurance salesman. "The Wreck of the Hesperus" showed an entire Arts Building sinking into the ground while "The March of Science" depicted the heroic struggle of three Biology professors to teach seven hundred million Chinese in the face of storm, sleet, and repeated administrative refusal to enlarge the department.

Finally, the Collegium's collection of antique booty, won in the days of its Viking raids upon defenceless universities along the New Jersey coast, was trotted out once again.

As I retired to the vomitorium, I could not help but think that a good time was had by all.

Gondo

Society notes...

continued from p. 5

the other partyers, shouting stage directions at everyone through a mouthful of Ursula Heibges shirtsleeve, as lithesome Rita trotted along behind.

Vic Nuovo, the man voted most likely to appear as Mr. Natural in next month's issue of Cosmo, slumped in a corner and pondered his karma while spouse Betty barnstormed the bar. (Hee hee!).

Hunkered-down host Hunisak lounged himself scrumptiously on the stove of his sumptuous kitchenette, toasting his tootsies and curdling the cream, both of which he intended to try as substitutes for artichoke hearts and hollandaise on the lavishly-laden buffet.

As the celebrants were carted away at dawn, drooped in crates lined with old copies of the Special Committee on Social Climbing Report, decorum was restored by the well-oiled tongue of an embalmed James A., who pronounced a Latin phrase from the classics over the perished as they were shuttled past him: "Illegitimi Non Inebriendum". . .

Our own ecumenical miracle watcher says that Chaplain Charlie's latest exorcism has left lasting scars on his faith and character, according to several choir boys in the know. . .Whoopee! Indefatigable Fuzz, Fred Spencer, confided to us the names of his three biggest heroes: Wyatt Earp, Frank Rizzo and Buffalo Bill. . .That ubiquitous campus bell-ringer, 66-year-old hunchback Mrs. Hugo Dame, today gave birth to her seventeenth retarded child in the Ripton, Vermont Midwives Clinic...Flash! The 'I'm-Not-Dead-Yet' story of the day! Secretary to the President, Ms. Patricia Hokanson, claims she saw Robert Frost leaving the Office of the President last Monday morning. Frost allegedly shuffled past a petrified Pat, babbling something like "Whose woods these are I can't tell for sure." Imagine Patty's amazement when a non-plussed JIA appeared from his office, and asked Ms. H to take a postcard which read, "Dear Bob Frost, Having a wonderful time. Wish you were... .chairman of the English department."!!!. . .Director of News Services Max "Scoop" Petersen has announced that Assistant to the President,T. Richardson Miner will leave his post next fall to take up a full-time position as Felix Rohatyn's corporate Friday. He will be replaced by none other than Watergate pudding'head, John Dean, who, we are informed by sources close to the action, is Dennis O'Brien's mother-in-law. .

A new-comer to the social watering hole—and a man who can hand-over-fist his way into the punchbowl like nobody's business—is Gary Hindley of the Physical Education department. Gorgeous Gary easily garners the Worst Dressed of the Decade Award. This spunky sportif was decked out the other night in electric-blue, double knit, wide-bell slacks, hot pink broadcloth shirt with extra-wide collar (oooooo-weeee!) and a battery-operated light-up necktie which, when pushed, reads "Welcome to Trenton." Gary, a one-time squire of 'Big Joanie' Weston, came to the Panther coaching staff from the Trenton Tornadoes, a semi-pro roller

Faculty meeting: Pardon ponders Donald Duck's pertinent proposal.

derby team, where he doubled as assistant coach and jammer. . .Southern Comfort: Barry Hannah also turned out to the adoring blandishments of titillated social mavens this week. He was a tour-de-force with hair 'like a ball of dead orange leaves' and 'purple glasses' and 'jubilant breasts.' Beau Barry, who has become known around town as the "Nightwatchman" of the cocktail circuit in his year at Middlebury, is rumored to be lying on the plot for his next literary coup-de-grace, **All God's Chitlin**. . .Short Circuit!!! Milestone: Born to Russell and Cilla Leng at Porter Hospital on April 9, 1974, 8 lbs. and 3 ozs.—a computer, named Univac Morgenthau Leng. . .A really big milestone: Rumor has it that Middlebury fraternities have entered into collective bargaining with college officials to negotiate the purchase of Middlebury College. Terms of the agreement are yet to be worked out, but it is known that Dean of the College Dennis O'Brien will be put out to pasture if the deal is sealed. No shittin'. . .Married: Andy Reding and Curt Viebranz, April 1, 1974 in Munroe Lounge. The pair announced just after the wedding that they are expecting. Expecting what??? What else—a full-grown, screaming, kicking special subcommittee of the Student Forum. Andy is a devotee of natural childbirth methodology, while firebrand Curt is the chairman of the Forum subcommittee on obstetrics. They're hoping to name the babe, but neither has the votes to push through his own suggestions. . .Pardon Tillinghast refutes those complaints that he speaks too quickly in his lectures to be adequately comprehended in this month's pages of **Family Circle**. Says T'ghast—"Ireallycan'timaginewhattheycouldbetalkin gabout.Nooneinmylongandillustriousfamilytreehasev erbeenaccusedofsuchaheinousdeedandI'mnot abouttob ethefirstsothere."

...Professor Alan Levy of the Home Economics department has reportedly turned down an offer to teach Sex Education at Midd., upon the sage advice of his mother...Not-So-Cheap-Thrills on the fifth floor of Gifford, where the latest fad is to get high by shooting up dangerous diseases; the street price of Botulism Toxin B has allegedly soared to $30 a hit .... Latest expose: the operator of the Dana Auditorium slide projector lost both arms in the Civil War... Look Alikes: spaced-out bartender at the Alibi and Spy vs. Spy... Our investigative flatfeet have unearthed yet another case of the College Administration's conspiratorial viciousness: to further harass students, Old Chapel makes a point of assigning those below a geight of 4'4" with top row mailboxes... **Crack of Dawn Award** hoes out this year to Parker Orr for hitting the sack no earlier than 4 a.m. and delivering the New York Times no later than 3 p.m. Kudos, Parker... And the **Unshakable Devotion to an Utterly Worthless Cause Award** is laid to the frizzy blond-haired freshman foosball groupie. Kudos, groupie... Overheard ih a back booth at Tony's: "Whaddaya think Mama Neri's like in the sack?"... In a practice room in Johnson, one G.T. was heard to say: "Ya know, when you passed gas just then, it really had great musicality" ... FLASH! look alikes Travis Jacobs and Sandy Dennis...

Soph guide...

continued from p. 6

blazing Salada tea tab of uncertain origin. We lead the dishevelled Mrs. Fiegenbutz from the arena just as a combination food-fight race riot erups In the norther end of the room.

"Hey, what kinda coke do they sell in the Crest Room?" shrieks Lids

Our last stop was a visit to a typical Middlebury Dorm. Ascending the stair case in Gifford, we come upon a cluster of exuberant students happily force-feeding Alpo laced with Strychnine down the unsuspecting gullet of Fritz the wonder-dog.

Whisking the group quickly past the stairwell commotion, I ushered them into a standard Gifford triple room. The scene that greeted us therein defied description.

A good time was had by all.

painter plots privileged place

By NATHANIEL NATHANIEL

The **Campus** has got wind of a night meeting on September 30, 1798 which we think our dear readers should be clued in on. It seems that Gamaliel Painter, the town's chief business exec and some other establishment types put out that they were meeting to plan a grammar school. Actually , with the conivance of Timothy Dwight , who "happened " to blow in for the eve, we here that the plan is to set up a **COLLEGE**.

Terrific, fans! Thirty logs cabins , not even a church and these folks want to set up an institute for the upper crust! (Remember that Dwight is president of Yale College. Yale College is named for one Elihu Yale, a wealthy British colonist who donated 500 dollars worth of books -- what **kind** of books we wonder -- to the New Haven educational emporium. Our New Haven sources tell us that Dwight is rabid against Vice President Jefferson and we wonder if the whole thing isn't a plot to forestall a candidacy on the democratic ticket in the election of 1801?)

Painter was unavailable for comment; when the **Campus** contacted Seth Storrs he refused to say who had paid for Dwight's canoe passage down Otter Creek. Is there a significance to the fact that Painter is a miller and that one of the other members of the meeting is named "Miller"? You figure it out. Darius Matthews is not just a physician , he is also a probate judge -- so isn't it odd that Seth Storrs and Miller are lawyers!

You don't have to be a doubting Thomas to see the strong arm tactics! But don't be moody! We're at water's edge now, strap on your water wings and sail. Use your brain or d--- good sense or you'll soon see lab or rebates , souplines, fishlines, hamlines, kitsch, elementary languages and all the hurly burly of a College. Protest!

Les lettres...

continued from p. 5

were pushing for the death penalty in plagiarism cases.

When he got back, they had already taken Catherine to the medical center. She was not doing well. He found he could not see her, as she was at times slipping into unconsciousness. He felt bad at having left her. He lit a cigarette and tried reading a 1940 copy of "Boy's Life" which was on the table. It was no good.

The doctor finally told him to go in just for a second. She looked very gray. "Oh, darling, don't worry. I'm not the least bit scared. Really. It's just all a dirty trick."

"Oh, you dear sweet darling. You dear brave sweet." He left the room as she slipped back into her dreams.

After that she was unconscious all the time. It did not take very long for her to die.

He wondered why it had to be like this. His letter had killed her. Now they were both no more. What was his letter now? No, it was a crude joke.

He went down the hall to see her one more time. One of the nurses tried to stop him from entering the room. "Would you kindly displace your fucking personage to a more suitable locale," he had told her as he pushed her aside.

But it was no good. It was like saying goodbye to a statue.

He left the hospital and stood outside lighting a cigarette. He never heard the sound of the speeding Mazeratti as it roared past him, hitting a puddle and drenching him to the bone. Shit, he thought and dragged on his cigarette; but it had been put out by the splash.

He rolled up the cuffs of his worsted pants and stepped along the puddle eating a fuzzy piece of fruit Catherine had wrapped up for him before he left for New York. So this was how it was going to end, huh? He looked into the puddle and started to cry.

After a while he looked up, and wiping his eyes with his sleeve, walked back to his office in the rain.

"What's wrong with him?

"My girdle is killing me."

frat house follies

Rims and The Mange were down at Tony's last Saturday night doing a real number on a 36-inch 'Za, when all of a sudden, The Mange cut the cheese so bad, he fried the anchovies.

Bimbo, Nozzle, and Chugger hit the GM Corporation (Groin Mountain) last Saturday night looking to rustle up some beef. And all of a sudden, up walks these real dogs, see? I mean they was so ugly they made Zits look like Raquel Welch. But the guys was so shit-faced. . . Back at the house, when they were sobered up, Bimbo turns to Nozzle and says, "You're shittin' me."

Things got a little rowdy at the Sig Ep Dr. Jazz party last Saturday night. First Pud pinches a loaf in the bathroom sink. And then all of a sudden, Face Moynahan, this real Turkey from KDR, comes in and punches him out for being a Homo. What a pisser. Meantime, Skuzz and Veins were streaking around the pool table and guess who had the bigger cue? Whoa, were they ever stogied on their asses. And then Sly Reefer, whose had the hots for this freshman babe all year, decides he wants to shack up with her that night. So he shoots his cookies down her blouse, and offers to give her one of his shirts. Way to hump, Sly.

Dece haps down at Slug. All strengthed it at the way good barn party. Bonzo went native o. t. floor. He couldn't sense way weak bazooms o. t. undece pigs. Way dece tunes courtesy Stillwell. Stu went native o. t. bass. Chunga-Man was still semi-blitzed i. t. morning with a wicked big head. Had to punt the Bruins game i. t. afternoon. Why the weakness? Blew up on Monday's art exam. Big kick.

'til next week, it's the balls.

Dear Erikkka...

Dear Erikkka,
I'm stuck in this triple in Gifford, see? And one of these guys, see, he picks his nose alla time and wipes it on the radiator next to his bed, see. And the other guy goes in for devil worship, see, and likes to stay up 'til 5 a.m., chanting and killing cats an' stuff, see, and I want out. Cut me some slack, okay?

Holden Caulfield

Dear Holden'
You'll have to see the registrar about that. If that doesn't work consult your clergyman.

Dear Erikkka,
Have you heard about the days when I was in the Navy? Drop by the mailroom sometime and I'll fill you in. An' hey--is it true about Freddy Spencer and that mary j. wanna plant? Always thought ol' Fred was a little wierd.

F. Whitty

Dear F.,
Stick to collecting mailboxes, will you?

Dear Erikkka,
My girlfriend is pregnant, I've recently contracted leprosy, and both my parents died in a tragic auto accident last night, so do you think I might be able to take one of my finals late this term? Just one?.

Hassled

Dear Hassled,
I don't have time to see you now, so can you come in on Monday? My office hours are between 4:00 and 4:03 a.m.

Dear Erikkka,
What the heaven are we going to do with those rascals on the Campus?

Jimmy

Dear Jimmy,
Stick to collecting mailboxes will you?

classifieds

Small Vermont college seeks Princeton rejects to upgrade quality of faculty. No classics professors need apply.

Wild Mountain Thyme announces the last week of its sale on used jeans. Prices start at $40.

Addicted? Can't kick the habit? Does withdrawal seem the only way out? Come to Foosers Anonymous this Monday night. For further information, contact Freddy Foos.

Small New England College Psychology Department seeking lobotomized professors to add dynamism to staff.

Tenured creative writing professor looking for publisher for following title: "First Mate Ahab Meets Godzilla" or "Whey Hey, Blow the Man Down."

Ride wanted to the Yes concert in Xenia, Ohio. Contact "Meth" 5th floor Gifford.

Body-building enthusiast selling posture-pedic pair of tensile-steel suspenders. Will swap for equal value of linseed oil. Also, used fork-lift for sale, good condition, used only to transport barbells. Contact "Veins" Chudmore, Service Building Basement.

Students with no friends are invited to come to the Bahai firesides, every Monday at 8 p.m. in the boiler room of Hillcrest. This announcement directed especially at those who eat regularly in Unit A.

Lost: Blue down-filled ski parka and a pair of Tyrolean hiking boots. Believed to be only items of their kind on campus. If seen, please place them in my Volkswagen. You can't miss it, it's the only one on campus.

Wanted: Meat cutters for campus cafeterias. Must have open chancres on palms of hands.

Wanted: One girl Friday, possibly Saturday. The English Department.

Lost: One plaque for outstanding sales ability by the Eastern U.S. Used Car Dealership Association and Anti-Defamation League. Contact "D. o.t. W" in Old Chapel.

Dean of small college seeks companionship with any or all of the following personality types: arrogant, officious, oral fetishist, obsequious, devious, obfuscatory, understanding, meretricious, Machivellian, effete. Fraternity members need not apply.

College vice-president suffering from low profile seeking responsible PR firm for help with image.

Billfold lost, somewhere in the vicinity of Nagasaki and Yamamoto avenues. Please return to J1A care of Old Chapel. Valuable photos inside.

Wanted: The 1920's. Horace Beck.

The Ripton Highway Department announces to motorists the grand opening of the Pay-Toilet on the Robert Frost Memorial Turnout-Lookout on Snow Bowl Road. It is clean, well-lighted, and non-odiferous. Patronage is cordially requested.

Help Wanted: College Bookstore saleswoman. Must mumble incoherently, hum in foreign syllables, and must not give out bags.

Help Wanted: SDU I.D. checker with amnesia.

Wanted: One-armed man. Contact D. Janssen.

Wanted: Vermont TV station anchor man with a name less ridiculous than Marcellus Parsons.

WRMC seeks five-minute news-casters with severe speech impediments. Disc jockeys also wanted. Must be able to quote liberally from Rolling Stone.

Doc Fartin's Health Column

All questions addressed to this column in good taste and seriousness will be answered by members of the Religion and Psychology Departments, and whoever we can find at the infirmary.

Dear Doctor,
My roomie is covered with boils and carbunkles and has vomited up each of her last seven meals, what should I do?

Concerned

Dear Concerned,
If the stench gets too heavy you can always find a bed in the infirmary.

Dear Doctor,
Can I get pregnant by sitting on a toilet seat?

M. Slick

Dear Slick,
We're not certain but we wish you luck.

Dear Doc,
The green syrup is going for codeine. I can swing you 600 vials at $3.99 each. Street price is up to $4.50.

Bertie

Dear Doctors,
I'm looking for a speculum for my daughter's birthday. Can you recommend a reputable retailer?

Curious

Dear Curious,
Our own supplier is Mad River Hardware, Postal Rte. 3, Vt. 05751.

dmphasis

THURSDAY, APRIL 18

About 6:45 AM station begins its broadcast day.
11:03 AM It's "Funny News" time was station manager Graft and business manager "Bubbles" Polifka terrorize petrified freshman newscaster by doing their imitations of Dorothy Kilgallen while he tries to read the day's Dow Jones Averages, of such vital interest to the student audience.
7:31 PM FIRING LINE - This week, Bill Buckley engages the ghost of Noah Webster in a "Battle of the Vocabularies," and wins when he stumps the Father of the Dictionary with - "Hyperpolysylabicsesquipedalian" (specious and pretentious flaunting of vocabulary).

FRIDAY, APRIL 19

7:15 AM Rick Duckhardt's Morning Mouth Extravaganza - Duck struggles to be witty at an hour when most people aren't ready for it.
4:00 PM Join David French on "Afternoon Concert" for classical music and a recitation of album numbers.
7:30 PM "An Evening with Bea Benadaret" - Miss Benadaret recalls her joyous years as a member of the cast of "Petticoat Junction" with warm remembrances of her late co-star, Edgar Buchanan.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20

9:00 AM Karen Sloan, with music even your little sister called "bubble gum."
2:00 PM SHOWBOAT - Join host Kevin Commins as he features the recent Broadway hit "Limp Sweatsocks," the story of the complex and emotional rapport between a boy and his Converse All-Stars. Ethel Merman stars as the boy, with Mark Spitz as the sneakers.

SUNDAY, APRIL 21

9:00 AM Pam Marsh takes to the airwaves in her continuing effort to make "Little Boxes" the most-played song at WRMC.
12 Noon Mr. Opera is back for another week of drivel and drek--this week, host "Bubbles" Polifka promises to reveal the true age of Joan Sutherland.
11 PM Calvin Johnson, Middlebury's equivalent of Don Cornelius, will again fill the broadcasting booth with his friends in 3 hours of good clean fun. Sample: "Now, what I just said was a "Shee" and a "it", not that other thing. Now you may think you heard that other word, but I know what I said and it was not that other..."

BEWARE!
IT'S SHUT-WINDOW TIME

MONDAY, APRIL 22

7:20 and 10:20 AM Newsbreak. Jay Hulme talks about the silent "E" and discusses the number "6".
2-4 PM WRMC's "Thumbs" Hendricks drops needles on records, swears lustily over the air, and forgets to turn the volume control up for his 3 o'clock newscaster.
9 PM The National Lampoon Radio Hour - This week those jolly fellows at the 'Poon jibe at Biafran children, the Kennedy family's misfortunes, and Richard Speck's childhood.
10 PM Fred "Foos" Klein will break a station record by doing a substitute show for the 112th consecutive day. Perusual, Fred's show will consist of nothing but forgotten rhythm-and-blues artists and Procol Harum.

placement office news

Well, Spring is upon Middlebury, and the College Placement Office, that veritable vortex of efficiency, now encourages you to come in and open up a dossier. Hell, you don't want to spend the rest of your life doing research for the Political Sclence Department, do you? Through May 1, all applicants will receive a free Vegomatic while they last.

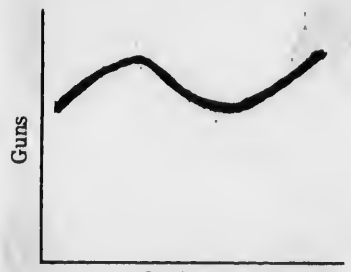
To give you a hint of just how successful we've been in the past, following are the results of a recent career survey taken among last year's graduating seniors: 1.7% are doing organic farming in Shoreham; .8% will assist in replenishing the candy machines in Stewart Hall and the Service Building; 20% are happily married to management trainees residing in White Plains, New York; 13% are unhappily married to dry cleaners in Peoria, Illinois; 6% are currently employed in Tony's Pizza or the stock room of Lazarus Department Store; and the remaining 58.5% are currently high school French instructors. How 'bout that gang?

And bring out those date books, because the following biggies will hold campus interviews during the merry month of May:

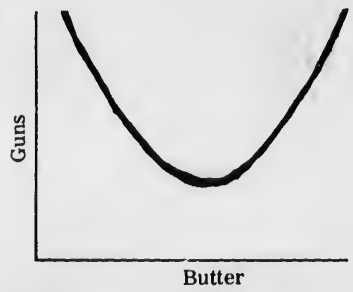
1. Hamburger University (a subsidiary of MacDonald's) of Xenia, Ohio.
2. The Hoboken School of Retailing and Psychic Arts. Xenia, Ohio.
3. Acme Valve, Screw, Socket, and Joint Company. Xenia, Ohio.
4. Lockjaw International Restauranteurs. Xenia, Ohio.
5. Symbionese Liberation Army. Interviewer: Patty Hearst.
6. Jews for Jesus. Interviewer: Maharaj Ji.

And last but not least, opportunities in tire retreading are opening up faster than we can fill them.

Oh yes, don't forget to check our Proctor Hall bulletin board to keep updated on current job offers. This week, we have dug up over 30 families that are in search of babysitters.



Seasonal variation in thermonuclear stockpile as determined by Nixon Administration Dairy deals.



Natural occurence of conflict in association with sunspot activity cycle (Radical Interpretation)

Panther subs readying for entry.

WELCOME WELCOME

to Middlebury's 174th Annual Executions for Shoplifting, Cheerio Throwing, Eviscerated Chicken Flinging (Points awarded for distance and accuracy), Fire Hose Operating, Lawn Driving, and Plagiarism. See hapless offenders dragged naked through the streets of Middlebury behind the Mountain Club van.

Throw Proctor Elephant Scabs and Whatchamacallit Newburg at Nauseated persona non grata of the Middlebury Community!

Witness tearful pleaders react to the news that they have been sentenced to a six-week tutorial with the Philosophy Department. Or an evening with Sandy Martin!

And last but certainly not least--

Watch the unfortunate writhe as they are forced to listen to old "Mr. Opera" and "Odd Couple" shows for hours at a time!

Activities will commence at 11:30 A.M. in between Gifford and Mead Chapel. The Dining Halls will be closed and "greasy bag" chicken will be served on the lawn. Toons will be provided by Middlebury's own Sound Investment and Stillwell (who have promised to do "Wipeout" and "Gloria" as encores), and "refreshments" are courtesy of Aramatoons.

"Goodnight, Chet...Chet?...CHET!....."